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THE

# Sailors' Magazine,



AND  
**SEAMEN'S FRIEND.**

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## THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to Mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers \$1 a year, invariably in advance. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, upon an annual request for the same. POSTAGE in advance—quarterly, at the office of delivery—within the United States, twelve cents a year.

## THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Is also issued as an eight page monthly tract adapted to Seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

## THE LIFE BOAT.

This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents, and facts relating to Sea Libraries.

Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$20, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a Post Office Money Order, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money but always in a REGISTERED letter. The registration fee has been reduced to fifteen cents, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.



# THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.



Vol. 45.

APRIL, 1873.

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## "THEM THAT ARE AFAR OFF UPON THE SEA."

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE  
SAVANNAH PORT SOCIETY, JANUARY 12TH, 1873.

BY THE REV. TIMOTHY HARLEY.

LEGH RICHMOND, widely known as the author of the "Dairyman's Daughter," when addressing a meeting held in Edinburgh, for the advancement of religion among sailors, related the following facts: "When I reflect on the character and circumstances of seamen, I cannot, without peculiar interest, recollect the time when a young man went to sea, whose feelings were ill suited to all the contingencies of a sea-faring life. I remember that the time came when it was said the vessel in which he had sailed had been wrecked, and that the young man was dead, and no intimation had reached the ears of his affectionate parents of any change in his views as to the things of God. And I remember the time

when that young man was so far restored again to his family, that although they saw him not, they heard that he had been saved from the shipwreck. That young man, too, was found by the blessed God while on the ocean, with the Bible only, which his father, at parting, had put into his hand. It was blessed to him in the midst of the carnal companions by whom he was surrounded. This means of grace, without any human instruction, was made effectual to the salvation of his soul. The time came when that young man, who had been a foe to religion, lifted up, in the Bay of Gibraltar, at his mast-head, a Beth-el flag, and summoned the sailors to prayer, and prayed with them, and bade the missionary exhort

them. And when I tell you that that young man is *my own son*, you will see that I may well say, God bless the Sailor's Friend!"

Now, although I have not the same reason for sympathy with seamen, and the efforts put forth for their welfare; yet I have sufficient knowledge of their claims, and sufficient interest in their condition, to prompt in me the fervent prayer, God bless the Sailor, and the Sailor's Friend!

My remarks will be founded upon a clause in the sixty-fifth Psalm. "Them that are afar off upon the sea:" and I ask your consideration of three points, namely, the sailor's distance, the sailor's dangers, and the sailor's demands.

I. THE SAILOR'S DISTANCE.—He is "afar off."

1. Far off from *home*. Few words in our language have richer meaning than that blessed monosyllable *home*. Around it cling and cluster the most hallowed associations. It speaks of father and mother, of sister and brother, and of a "dearer one still, and a nearer one yet, than all others." It bears the memory back into the scenes of childhood's innocence and youth's enchantment, while it shuts out for the time the heavier thoughts of manhood's stern reality. Home is the fairest spot on earth, and has been well termed "heaven's fallen sister;" yea, the divinest conception of heaven itself is that of an eternal home. We have all felt the force of the old proverb, "Home is home be it never so homely." And

when we who have ourselves been "far on the deep blue sea," were nearing the shore whereon our homebound voyage would end, with what a gladsome mind we sang, "Home again, home again, from a foreign shore!" And our joy was full when we entered the door of "that dear but,—our home." But the sailor must leave his home, with all its attractions and endearments, with all its comforts and sanctities, to spend day after day, month after month, going hither and thither upon the restless sea. It is mockery to say that his "home is on the deep;" and it is irony to offer him a *home* when he lands on a distant shore. You may provide for him a place where to lay his head, you may make his abode a harbor of safety and rest, but you cannot give him a home. This leaving home, this absence from the centre of so much blessing, is not the least among a sailor's trials, nor least among his disadvantages. How shall we wonder if when removed far from the remonstrances of domestic influence, he should yield the reins to his evil inclinations; or when beyond the reach of domestic encouragement, he should become indifferent as to whether his course be approvable or not? My friends, when you are thanking God for the amenities and enjoyments of a happy home, do not forget them that are "afar off upon the sea."

2. Far off from *the house of God*. We who have been accustomed to attend the sanctuary every Lord's day from our youth up, and to re-



ceive the dew of heaven in the distilling of the word of life, can hardly estimate the loss of those who for months, and even years, never enter the house of God, nor go with the multitude that keep holy day. During life at sea, it is the exception, not the rule, for the Lord's day to be sacredly observed. On most of the ocean steamships no religious service is held, unless some Christian minister is on board; while on sailing vessels, any observance of the first day of the week is very rare indeed. The injury to the sailor from this lack of the means of grace, is incalculable. An earnest warning would often deter him from sin; a loving invitation would often woo him to holiness; a bright example would often attract him to a better life; and these armaments of the word, in conjunction with the sweet influences of spiritual songs, and the pure atmosphere of prayerful worship, would enable him to "withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand." But as it is, he hears not the sound of the trumpet: no village bells call him to the house of prayer: and although a thousand hymns are sung, and a thousand prayers are offered; a thousand sermons preached, and a thousand hearts made glad, no sound of these reaches his ear: he is "afar off upon the sea," where one day is as another, and where the Sabbath and the sanctuary are unknown. Oh, do not wonder if when the sailor comes into port it be difficult to get him to the house of worship.

"Use is second nature;" and having been so long away it would be an unusual event for him to enter a church. And, alas! too frequently he finds that having been out of sight so long he is out of mind; and excuses his neglect with the bitter reflection, "No man careth for my soul." He is far off from God's house.

3. How many a sailor is far off from *God Himself*! The majority of sea-faring men are thoughtless, and irreligious. They are no worse than others by nature; but they have few checks upon their propensities, with few surroundings of a kind calculated to sanctify the soul and soften the heart. On the sea they are prayerless and without God; on shore they find companionship among birds of their own feather, give themselves up to the desires of their hearts, and live strangers to grace and to God. Gratefully we remember that there are many exceptions; and that hundreds who cross the main are bound for two ports, their arrival at the haven of eternal glory being well assured, though their earthly destination may never be reached. Would God that all sailors were saints! But after we have acknowledged every exception, we must fall back upon the melancholy rule, that them that are "afar off upon the sea" are far off from God.

II. THE SAILOR'S DANGERS.—These are twofold—those of the sea, and those of the shore.

1. *On the sea* he is well acquaint-

ed with perils such as Paul encountered when he was "a night and a day in the deep," and such as the writer of the 107th Psalm so graphically portrays: "They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end." He who does "business in great waters" has no choice of weather, and the winds and waves show him neither favor nor fear. He is "rocked on the cradle of the deep," but to him the commotions of the sea have in them more prose than poetry. When we remember how few are the average years of the mariner's life, and read the appalling statistics of the number of vessels that either founder, or are sunk, or wrecked, year by year; with the number of noble men who sink annually to the silent depths of an ocean's grave, we feel that no class of men more richly deserves our sympathy than those who "go down to the sea in ships."

2. *On the shore* the dangers are of another kind, but often are far more deceitful and destructive. "Lewd fellows of the baser sort," loafers about the docks, "land-sharks" hang along the shore, waiting for arrivals: and when the sailor plants his foot on *terra firma* he is on ground that may require his "sea-legs" even more than the deck. He needs to be firm-footed if he is to stand steady and upright amid the surges of

temptation that now rise and roll around him. Drunken and depraved men will seek to lead him astray; and amid the seductions of the "grogshops," and the entangling snares of the "strange woman," how shall the sailor, set free from the restraints of duty or subordination, and with every opportunity to sin, keep himself from the ways of transgression? The dangers of the sea are great, but the dangers of the shore are greater; the dangers of the sea beset the body, but the dangers of the shore beset body, soul and spirit; the sea has slain its thousands, but, in a worse overthrow, the shore has slain its ten thousands.

### III. THE SAILOR'S DEMANDS.—

He calls upon us for,

#### 1. *Our prayerful solicitation.*

When the Baptist was beheaded, and his disciples could do nothing to avenge, as before they could do nothing to avert the calamity, they "took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus." The least that we can do for the men whose services on the deep are so essential to the welfare of nations, families and individuals, and whose lives are so full of hardships, privations and dangers, is to bear them continually upon our hearts in prayer before God. We can go and tell Jesus, whom the winds and the sea obeyed, who stilled the raging of the Galilean lake when his trembling followers cried, "Master, we perish!" we can tell him of those who need his presence as the pledge of their safety



in every storm, as the protection of their spirits on every shore, and as the peaceful port into whose bosom they may calmly pass when the last voyage is ended, and the anchor of hope for ever dropped. On the wings of the wind comes the voice of a great multitude, as ten thousand sailors cry, "brethren, pray for us!" But let us add to our prayers,

2. *Our practical sympathy.* What can be *done* for the seaman? Much has been done already, and much is being done still. Can anything be added? If so, let it be begun at once. If not, let us sustain existing operations. Let not seamen's Chaplains go unsupported, or but half-supported. They are a noble band of workers, and are engaged in a noble work. If Seamen's Homes and Bethels are needed, let us build them. Our wealth is the "abundance of the sea:" let us not

"muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn," by neglecting the sailor through whom we have been enriched. Let every effort possible be put forth by us in behalf of his temporal and spiritual happiness: and when He, whose is the sea, for he made it, shall come in his kingdom, he will not forget our "work of faith and labor of love," done for the sailor, in the name of the sailor's best Friend.

Finally, let us remember that we all are mariners, navigating the tempestuous ocean of human life: and God grant that when we have crossed the bar of death, we may enter the "river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God;" and when we have landed on the celestial shore, to "go no more out," may we meet many a happy sailor whom on earth we had sought to bring unto the desired haven of the saints' everlasting rest.

## THE PROMINENT AGENCY OF A CHRISTIANIZED COMMERCE IN THE CONVERSION OF THE WORLD.

(FROM REV. DR. LOOMIS' "EMPIRE OF THE SEA.")

The prophet Isaiah says of this agency, that it is to be "FIRST." "The ships of Tarshish FIRST," chief, prominent. It was to bear a prominent part in the work that the prophet saw going forward on the earth in the latter day.

Is it not a singular feature in our own time, a strange phenomenon in the passing of human events, that a little island on the coast of Europe, so small that you might glance the eye over the map of that continent and scarcely notice it, possesses more ships, a heavier navy, and more foreign commerce,

than all the rest of Europe put together? that Great Britain, in connection with the United States, possesses more ships and more commerce than all the rest of the world united, more than two to one? so that the English language has emphatically become the language of the world's commerce, the language in which its great business transactions are carried on, its exchanges performed, and through this diffusing itself among the nations; and if ever the confusion of Babel is to be repaired, and the nations to speak one language

again, from present appearances it seems more likely to be the English than any other.

Look at this point a little further. The English language is at the same time the language of Protestant Christianity, and especially of an evangelical Protestantism. Take away from the defense of Protestantism the English language and literature and what have we left? It is the language possessing that popular evangelical literature, that truthful moral philosophy and scriptural theology, such as is not found to the same extent in any other language on the globe; the language in which we print and circulate more Bibles, probably, at the present time, than in all the other languages together; the great Bible Christian language of the earth. Now, why is it that Jehovah, in his infinite wisdom, has brought together thus, and placed in the same hands, the world's commerce and the world's Christianity, unless in doing so he designed thereby to place Christianity in the very best possible position to be more rapidly diffused over the world? unless, by giving to these Christian nations the world's commerce, he designed thereby to wing the Church for her messages of mercy, that she might rise and fly mid-heaven, on these wings, proclaiming the everlasting Gospel to the dwellers on all the earth?

But look at this point a little further. Great Britain, and the United States especially, has so monopolized the world's commerce that we have not only our own men, in our own ships, to navigate them, but we have men drawn together from almost every nation on the globe. Scarcely a nation that has not its representatives in American ships. Four-fifths at least of the men navigating Ameri-

can ships are foreign-born. But they know our language; they come thus under our influences—under the influence of our literature, our Bible, our presentation of the Gospel, our American revivals of religion—and many of them, converted to Christ, under the impulses of a first love in a new life, possess some of the feeling of the apostle, when he says—calling on God and his own conscience to witness the truth of what he says—“I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart; for I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ (crucified as he was) for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh;” who, though they have a zeal in their religion, even to madness and persecution, it is “not according to knowledge,” it is not unto salvation; I say many a sailor converted under a similar feeling has gone to his kindred and country, perhaps in some dark pagan land, or almost as dark papal land, with the news of salvation on his tongue, and that with all his love of kindred superadded to his love of Jesus.

This is not mere theory. Permit me to give a few simple facts, to show the truth of the position.

I once attended a sailors' prayer-meeting at the Sailors' Home, of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in New York, where, at that time, they had nearly two hundred sailor boarders; and where, in addition to morning and evening prayers, they had a weekly prayer-meeting and weekly temperance meeting, conducted principally by themselves. When I entered the room there was nothing unusual in the religious aspect of affairs. I read a chapter in the Bible, gave out a hymn, and commenced the services with prayer; then called on the sailors present to conduct the meeting according



to their usual custom. Immediately, without loss of time, a young sailor was on his feet, and told us that for more than two years he had been more or less concerned for his soul. "Two days ago," said he, "I found the Saviour, and found him precious to my soul." Then turning to his shipmates he told them of the joys of the past two days, of the blessedness of this religion, and, with all a sailor's earnestness, called on them to come and taste with him of the love of Jesus. "Why, who is this?" said I, in a whisper to the keeper of the Home. "I do not know," he replied; "he is a stranger." We soon found that he was a young Swedish sailor. Immediately another addressed the meeting. I discovered from his accent that he was an Irishman, and from his talk that he had been a Roman Catholic. But he seemed to have found the way of salvation by faith alone in the Crucified. Then another, in broken English, poured forth in prayer his love for Jesus and his love for the souls of men. "Why, who is this?" "A Finn," said the superintendent, "an old sailor from Finland, converted awhile since here, and I have employed him as a servant in the Home." Several others of different nationalities addressed the meeting, or led in prayer during the evening. No time was lost. At the close of the services I stepped up to a sailor, a boarder there, whom I took from his appearance and complexion to be a Frenchman. He began immediately to tell me of an interesting revival of religion going on in the Bethel in the port from which he had just come. "Ah!" said I, "in what religion were you educated?" "In what religion?" said he; "why, in none at all, sir. I

had no religious education. My mother is a Romanist, I believe, residing in France." The Holy Ghost, however, seemed to have educated him, and interested him in the things of the kingdom.

I passed into another corner of the room and said to another sailor-boarder, "Where do you hail from?" "From Greenland," said he, "and I am going back soon." "Ah! What are you going to do when you get there?" "I am going to get a petty office under the Government, if I can, requiring one able to read and write to fill it. It will give me some influence among my countrymen. Then I am going to exert that influence, and devote a part of my time to the distribution of the New Testament, which the missionaries have translated into my mother tongue." There was at the same meeting a *Russian* sailor who gave some evidence of recent conversion, and was bound immediately to his own country to tell his kindred, perhaps, how great things the Lord had done for his soul. There were *Danes, Swedes, Spaniards, Portuguese, Manillamen*, and, among others, one differing in appearance and complexion from every one there at that time, and he was a *Chinaman*. He had entered one of our ships in China in pursuit of his father, also a Chinese sailor; came to New York, found his father had gone on a southern voyage, entered into the service of the Superintendent of the Home, had to some extent learned the language, and must, of necessity, have learned more or less of the manners, customs, and religion of our nation to carry back by and by, perhaps, to his own kindred and countrymen. The number of Chinese seamen has constantly

been increasing in our marine service since the war between China and England.

Already the world is feeling the influence of many of these men converted to Christ. There has been a sailor in Spain—dark, bigoted Spain—engaged in a work that scarcely any but a sailor would dare to have engaged in at that time—smuggling the Bible into Spain and distributing it among the people. Some of the effects of that kind of work are beginning to be seen. Indeed, we have been sending the Bible through these men into Portugal and Italy, and every other Romish country. There is a very general inquiry among sailors from these nations after the “Protestant’s Book,” and to know the difference between our Book and theirs. We are giving them the Book in various languages, in our own ports. In some instances they read it on the passage home, and then conceal it and secretly convey it to their kindred; or, if wrested from them by a watchful priesthood, they will talk of what they have learned from the “Protestant’s Book” to their kindred and friends. The Pope might as well undertake to blot out the orb of day, and shut out daylight from the nations, as to shut out the light of God’s word when we make these men our Bible distributors, and especially when their own souls fall in love with the Book. They are from everywhere, and they will carry it everywhere.

The SEAMEN’S FRIEND SOCIETY has had for several years native Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian sailors engaged as sailor missionaries and colporteurs in those northern nations. In the summer season, when there is shipping and sailors in the ports, their business is to supply these crews with Bibles, tracts, and religious reading, hold

prayer meetings among them, and personal religious conversations. In the winter season they go back into the villages, and do the same kind of work among their countrymen, many of them these same sailors with their families at home. In the language of one of these missionaries in a communication to our Board, he says: “I take my chest, well filled with Bibles, books, and tracts, and go to a village in the country. I inquire if there is any body there who loves the Lord Jesus. If I can find such a one I take my chest to his house, fill my pack with Bibles and tracts, and go from door to door, supplying the people with God’s word, talking with them about the interest of the soul. By the time it is evening, sometimes the villagers are gathered together at that house to hear more on this subject.” He had often addressed crowded meetings, made up in this way, nearly every evening in the week during the whole winter. I know that sailor well. Before his conversion a few years ago in New York, through the instrumentality of a pious lady in the humbler walks of life, he was a poor dissolute, drunken Swedish sailor. Since his conversion he has looked upon himself as a monument of God’s wonderful grace, and his soul seems ever overflowing with the love of Jesus. With this theme on his tongue, he is wonderfully persuasive, and goes about doing good with wonderful success.

From these facts you see how it is. You cannot touch a chord here but its vibrations go through the earth. Convert a sailor—in two or three months you have a Bible distributor on the other side of the globe. Convert this class of men—you encircle the earth at once with a Church, and in one respect, like the Church triumphant,



made up of almost every kindred and tongue and nation. Is it not strange that this agency in the world's evangelization has been so long neglected by the Church?

### THE FAMILY COACH.

There was a busy scene in the fore-castle of the fine clipper ship *Sir John*, after she arrived safe and sound in the Thames. The chief mate was one of those smart officers who take a pride both in their ship and the crew. As soon as the tug-steamer had taken the vessel in tow off Dover, the order had been given to unbend the sails, and those wings that had done their duty so well were sent to rest.

While the ship was moored at Gravesend, waiting for the tide, the crew were allowed time to get themselves in order, and the fore-castle was soon full of men in all stages of dress and undress—all getting ready for going on shore whenever the ship got to the docks.

Everything had been cared for to make the beautiful ship look well; the latter part of the voyage had been passed in fine weather, so there had been good time to get all in order. She was in splendid trim, and did credit to both officers and men. Her owners might well be proud of her. Very different was this to the previous voyage, when she arrived in a gale after a hard beat up the Channel, and the crew had not a moment to spare to put themselves or their ship in order before they left her.

"Wonderfully different this, I can tell you, to our last voyage," said Jim Battle to the others in the fore-castle, as he scrubbed his broad back with a rough-looking towel. "We hadn't had a dry jacket for a week, and the deck was covered with wreck; we had

lost two hands overboard in the Channel, fine fellows, both of them, I can tell you. One belonged to near the same place as I come from; and I could scarcely think about myself, for I knew I should have to tell his mother what had happened."

"Did you write, Jim, or did you go? I don't like them telegraphs that come on such a sudden—you never know what's up." This was said by an old-fashioned sailor who despised all new-fangled ways, and passed his time in growling at the present, or telling yarns about the past.

"No, I didn't write, nor I didn't telegraph," said Jim. "I took the '*family coach*,' and went direct. He had often spoken about his mother and a young sister. I half-fancied I knew them by sight, so I waited for no post nor any other messenger, but I went myself."

"Where away did they live?"

"Why, it was Barnet way, about ten miles north of London. There was a railway out there; but I knew nothing about trains, and I know it is always best to drive in your own coach when you want to go right."

"What do you mean by that, Jim? The doctor and I are going to take a cab, and Bill Stibbs is coming with us—we know the billet to go to."

The "doctor" was the ship's cook—an active, clever fellow, but always with an eye to the main chance, and he knew very well what he was about in taking charge of the two younger men that were to come under his wing.

This "family coach," however, began to interest the rest of the men, who were gradually getting through their rough toilet, and Jim Battle had to explain.

"Why, I tell you what it is, mates, I'm going in the 'family coach' again if the skipper will pay me two pounds down; I will draw the rest of my pay and get my discharge when the time comes. Catch me stopping in Wapping! No, that 'family coach' journey taught me a great deal.

"I drove all the way to Barnet, with my chest and a monkey that I got at Anjier; and when I got home my good mother went with me right away to tell the sad news to poor Willie Wilde's family; there was my mother and me, and the monkey, but bless my heart if I could say a word about Will. They guessed it all, and mother told the story her own way. I stopped in the coach with the monkey, and then I began to think. Thinks I, 'It might have been Willie that had to tell *my* mother! or maybe if Willie had been alive we should have stopped in Wapping till we got our pay, and have spent half of it before we got home; but now, poor fellow, he's gone.' And I did better to go straight home and tell my sad story as best I could.

"I often went and saw his mother afterwards. The sister was a real nice girl, and 'most broken-hearted. Yes, I shall take the 'family coach' again—that is, the first cab I can get—and then good-bye, my hearties, and God bless you, without my having to drink your healths, with some rascally crimps hanging about, ready to lead you on. Catch one of them getting into my coach! And when I draw the rest of my pay, it shall not be in cash near Wapping, but it shall be in a money-order for my mother. Bet-

ter she keep me with my money, than me to try keep her with none, for that's what it comes to if you don't get home soon."

"Well done, Jim! but it is not so easy, my lad, to drive to Shields, and that's my port if I get clear."

"Yes, it's all very well talking about your 'family coach,' but I have no family to go to," says a Yankee-looking, hard-featured man, with a very tight upper lip. "I don't believe there's a soul on earth cares for me, and I care for no one. I shall spend my money like an ass, and when my spree is over ship again."

"Spend it like a fool, you mean; an ass isn't such a fool as to upset its corn when it can get any. Why not go with the doctor? he knows the ropes that won't hang you, and if you only look out you may make friends that will care more for you than for your money."

"All hands on deck!" was the next cry, as the steamer came alongside to tow the ship up from Gravesend to the docks. The chief mate was talking with a clergyman who had just come on board, and he expressed his regret that there was no time now to say anything to the men. The missionary could have said little more to the purpose than what Jim Battle had said, though he might have made the advice stronger by saying some great truths about duty to God and hatred of sin.

The sailors of the *Sir John* created a sensation in the docks, for there was a general cry for "family coaches." One went direct to Barnet; two to the Great Northern station; there were some that only went a very short way; but there was no stopping; and when the pilot came to Fenchurch street to take his train for Gravesend, there were some of the crew there who recognized him with a civil



nod, and said they had got safe that length, because they would let no one come into their "family coach." It was the doctor and his little party, and they had made friends with the Yankee; the captain had paid them all a few pounds on arrival, and they were under obligations to no one till the agents for the ship sent their pay to the address that each one gave—the captain taking care that it was all right—for the sum had been reckoned and agreed on before the crew left the ship.

When the *Sir John* sailed again,

she had many of the same crew, for they knew the style of captain and chief mate they had to deal with, and even the Yankee, who had once believed he had no friends, found that he had made many. The "family coach" brought Jim Battle to the docks in time for him to jump on board; but this time he only drove from the nearest station. The "black sheep" who joined were wildly drunk; but our old friends came on board like sensible men, who knew they were embarking on a voyage full of dangers as well as joys.—*English Paper*.

### BURIAL AT SEA.

"And the sea gave up the dead which were in it."—Rev. xx. 13.

A tall, pale young man, leaning on crutches, was seen to go aboard one of the Atlantic steamers at New York. He had long been confined to his room with some internal malady. His quiet demeanor and sickly appearance enlisted the sympathy of his fellow-passengers. His father and mother resided in the north of Ireland, and had invited him home for a change of air, hoping he would thus recover his health. He accepted their invitation, and had dispatched a letter a few days before, saying he expected to reach home by the first week in June. But, alas! his expectations and their fond hopes were disappointed. He never saw his beloved Emerald Isle, but was buried in an ocean grave.

Two days after leaving New York, the young man was taken very sick. The physician attended him regularly, and several christian men visited him—read the word of God, and prayed. One of the favorite songs of Nevin—for that was his name—was:

"Rock of Ages! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee."

And another:

"Just as I am! without one plea."

Singing the songs of Zion in his small cabin aboard this ocean steamer was a great blessing to this young man.

Often he expressed the hope that he would reach his parents, and enjoy the fond nursing of his beloved mother. And we all hoped such would be the case. On the 5th of June he sank rapidly under his disease, and at midnight his spirit passed away to that Jesus on whom he had believed.

The news soon spread among the passengers that young Nevin was dead. This was followed by the intelligence that another passenger, Barney, had died at six in the morning of heart disease. It was soon after announced to a few of the passengers that both men would be consigned to their *ocean graves at noon that day!*

The 5th of June was a day of seriousness with both passengers and crew of the *Australia*. Men spoke in an under tone—the morning prayer-room was crowded un-

usually with passengers; it was a solemn hour, as one after another led in prayer to the God of all mercy and grace.

Noon arrived at length. The bodies were wrapped in sail-cloth, weights were inclosed near their feet, they were laid side by side on a board, at one of the port-holes, in a small room capable of holding twenty-five men.

The ocean was tolerably smooth; dark clouds covered the horizon. In this small room a very brief burial service was held. The captain, officers, clergymen, and a few of the passengers witnessed this ceremony. The ponderous engines of the steamer were hushed—a few words were spoken; a brief and impressive prayer was uttered; then the captain gave the signal, when two sailors hoisted the board on which the bodies lay, and they were plunged into the mighty deep.

"They sank into the waters as a stone."

Another signal from the captain, and the vessel moved on at her usual speed. The stoutest heart, for the time, was impressed with death in an awfully solemn manner.

We were only 430 miles from the north of Ireland; but maritime law is inexorable, that those who die at sea must then and there be buried.

"But the sea shall one day give up its dead."

Barney, although a Catholic, always attended the preaching on deck in the afternoon, and also the services in the saloon in the evening. He leaned against the mast on the last day of his life, and seemed to enjoy the hymn we often sung:

"Shall we gather at the river?"

He was a quiet, civil man, and died suddenly, leaving a wife and family somewhere on the banks of the Hudson.

Funerals at all times are solemn, but a burial at sea is, perhaps, the most impressive of all others. How many thousands, tens of thousands, are buried beneath the ocean's surging billows! Shall they come up again? Reason says "No!" But faith answers, "Yes!"

When that awful day shall come, when the angel, with one foot on the land and the other on the sea, shall declare, "time shall be no longer," then shall the sea deliver up her dead. Whether buried on land or in the sea matters but little. But how do I live? Am I living for Him who died for me? Am I living to bless, enlighten and save others? Then to die will be gain.

J. E.

### A STORM AT SEA.

I wished that the voyage might last three months; but not that it might be all calm; I had a stronger desire to see a gale—the worst possible gale that left us safe. And our calm grew to a west wind, and the wind to a hard blow; and then the gray watery clouds began to drift up and blacken the whole sky, and the tempest came down: and for seven days each day was more stormy than its predecessor. Our ship danced like a wherry, and

drove under close-reefed top-sails twelve knots an hour. Standing on the quarter-deck, no one dared leave his hold of rope or rail, lest the wind should whiff him off into the sea. The great waves gathered behind us and piled slowly up, until it seemed as if they must come aboard; and finally, when the stern of the old ship caught the lift of the swell and rose to receive it, we went up until we overlooked the gray, driven tumult as from a tower.



And then from the crest of the wave, we seemed to rush like coasters on a hillside, as the waters let us down into the valley of foam and bewilderment. The complication of motions, that of the wave receding yet carrying us with it forward, and the swing-like motion of rising and falling, not as a ship rolls or plunges in an ordinary sea, but with a sweep of hundreds of feet in every motion and descent of forty feet—a sidelong roll and a headlong rush; motions wild, unrestrained, in which we are the most helpless of all created things, in which successive dooms chased each other past us as if we were too trivial to be destroyed; the driving, riotous billows, their summits crushed into foam by the weight of the gale, and the foam dragged along the black water till it seemed all froth and yeast; every pinnacle that sprang up where two waves met, driven away in spray, cut down, levelled as instantly as raised; no combing waves there, for no wave could rise to comb, only great hills of water, crystalline with wavelets, streaked with spun foam, rushing passed us at locomotive speed, out of the mist and spray-filled space behind into the mystery as deep before; and our ship, a dancing trifle on this infinitude of immensities, the wild water pouring over her bows one moment and climbing up at the stern to deluge the quarter-deck the next—this was tempest I had been longing to see, and I watched it hours together insatiate. No use to talk to me of sea painting after that! The muddy undulations of a Vandeveldt, the harbor sublimities of a Stanfield, the opalescent magic of a Turner, are equally far, because infinitely far, from the power and sublimity of a gale on the wide ocean.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

### A Miniature Dead Sea.

Two miles northeast of Ragtown, and thirty southwest of Sink O'Carson, Nevada, exists one of the most remarkable deposits of the carbonate of soda ever found in this or perhaps any other country. Here, in the midst of a dismal sage heath, is a circular valley about one-fourth of a mile in circumference, and sunk forty or fifty feet below the surface of the plain that surrounds it. In ordinary seasons this depression remains dry, though covered at the present time with a foot or two of water. The bottom is a solid mass of the carbonate of soda, hard, white, and sufficiently pure to answer all the purposes for which this commodity is usually employed. This soda occurs in a strata about a foot thick, separated from each other by seams of clay half an inch thick. The deposit is worked after the manner of an open quarry, the soda being broken out in blocks and piled up on the inner side of the basin, where several hundred tons of it lie corded up. A huge excavation has been carried down on this substance for about thirty feet without any sign of its approaching the bottom. Should it hold in this direction for another thirty or sixty feet, it ought to bring comfort to those interested in the saleratus question, there being here enough of the stuff to keep the world in a state of effervescence for a generation to come. The owner of this deposit, having supplied the millmen of Washoe and the soap-makers of Rena with soda, will hereafter ship this article largely to San Francisco, where it can be delivered at a cost of not more than \$20 per ton, freight included. A few hundred yards to the northeast of this soda quarry is a lake about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles in circumference, the water of which is supersaturated with salts of various

kinds, a large percentage being borax. It lies in an oval basin, 150 feet below the surface of the plain, the banks shelving down with as much symmetry as if fashioned by art. The water of this lake is impregnated with soluble substances, mostly borax, soda, and salt, to a degree that renders it almost ropy with slime, and so dense that a person can float on it without effort. Bathing in it, however, is attended with unpleasant consequences, the water eroding the flesh like fire, if a person remain in it more than a moment. This lake has no visible outlet or inlet, but, being of great depth, is probably fed by springs seated far down in the bowels of the earth.

A few years ago a scheme for the production of borax was attempted here, by some San Francisco parties, the plan being to pump up this water and carry it in sluices upon an alkali pit lying a quarter of a mile distant, there to be evaporated, when, it was supposed, this valuable salt would be left in the form of a deposit behind. The enterprise failed of success, partly because it was inherently defective; but chiefly because extensive deposits of the borates were soon after discovered in the country adjacent. The buildings erected for housing the machinery and workmen still stand on the shore of the lake, solitary and tenantless, adding, if possible, to the desolate appearance of the place.

#### A Great Scientific Expedition.

The preparations for the English circumnavigating exploring expedition give promise of results of great value to both science and civilization. The vessel set apart for the purpose is Her Majesty's steamer *Challenger*, a main-deck corvette of two thousand three

hundred tons. Her commander is Captain G. S. Nares, well known as the author of a valuable work on seamanship.

The route to be followed by the *Challenger*, though not yet fully determined, will be nearly as follows: Leaving Portsmouth, she will sail for Gibraltar, the first haul of the dredge being made in the Bay of Biscay. From Gibraltar she will proceed to Madeira; thence to St. Thomas, the Bahamas, Bermuda and the Azores; thence to Bahia, touching at Fernando de Noronha; then across to the Cape of Good Hope; thence southward to the Crozet and Marion Islands, continuing in this course until ice is reached. Australia, New Zealand, the Campbell and Auckland groups, Torres Straits, New Guinea and New Ireland, will then be visited. A year will be spent among the Pacific islands; Japan, Kamtchatka and the regions farther north thoroughly explored; the return being made by the way of Cape Horn. The voyage is expected to take about three years and a half, as the deep-sea work—the main object of the expedition—is to be supplemented by that of a general inland exploration, with accurate investigations of many of those distant and almost unknown islands of the sea.—*Appleton's Journal*.

#### Effects of Smoking on the Human System.

Dr. Decaisne, in the course of investigation on the influence of tobacco on the circulation, has been struck with the large number of boys, aged from nine to fifteen, who smoke, and has been led to inquire into the connection of this habit with impairment of the general health. He has observed thirty-eight boys, aged from nine



to fifteen, who smoked more or less. Of these, distinct symptoms were present in twenty-seven. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation—*bruit de souffle* in the neck, palpitation, disorders of digestion, slowness of intellect, and a more or less marked taste for strong drinks. In three the pulse was intermittent.

In eight there was found, on examination, more or less marked diminution of the red corpuscles; in twelve, there was rather frequent epistaxis; ten had disturbed sleep; and four had slight ulcerations of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days. In children who were very well nourished, the disorder was, in general, less marked. As to the ages, eight of the boys were from nine to twelve; nineteen, from twelve to fifteen. The duration of the habit of smoking was, in eleven, from six months to a year, and in sixteen more than two years. The ordinary treatment of anæmia in general produced no effect as long as the smoking was continued; but, when this was desisted from, health was soon perfectly restored, if there was no organic disease.—*British Medical Journal*.

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#### End There is None.

Light traverses space at the rate of millions of miles a minute, yet the light from the nearest star requires ten years to reach the earth, and Herschel's telescope revealed stars two thousand three hundred times farther distant. The great telescope of Lord Rosse pursued these creations of God still deeper into space, and, having resolved the nebulae of the milky way into stars, discovered other systems of stars—beautiful diamond points, glitter-

ing through the black darkness beyond. When he beheld this amazing abyss—when he saw these systems scattered throughout space—when he reflected upon their immense distance, their immense magnitude, and the countless millions of worlds that belonged to them, it seemed to him as if the wild dream of the German poet was more than realized. God called man in dreams into the vestibule of heaven, saying: "Come up higher, and I will show thee the glory of my house." And to his angels, who stood about his throne, he said: "Take him, strip him of his robes of flesh; cleanse his affections; put a new breath into his nostrils; but touch not his human heart—the heart that fears and hopes and trembles." A moment, and it was done, and the man stood ready for his unknown voyage. Under the guidance of a mighty angel, with sound of flying pinions, they sped away from the battlements of heaven. Sometimes on the mighty angel's wings they fled through Saharas of darkness, wildernesses of death. At length, from a distance not counted, save in the arithmetic of heaven, light beamed upon them, a sleepy flame, as seen through a hazy cloud.—They sped on in their terrible speed to meet the light; the light with lesser speed came to meet them. In a moment the wheeling of planets; then came long eternities of twilight; then again, on the right hand and on the left, appeared more constellations. At last the man sunk down, crying: "Angel, I can go no farther; let me down into the grave and hide me from the infinitude of the universe, for end there is none." "End there is none?" demanded the angel. And from the glittering stars that shone around there came a choral shout: "End there is none!" "End

there is none?" demanded the angel again; "and is it this that awes thy soul? I answer: End there is none to the universe of God! Lo, also, of him who made it there is no beginning!"—*Prof. Mitchell.*

### That Look.

There was on board one of our naval ships during the war, a sailor who was a marked man on account of his peculiar deportment. When all the other sailors crowded up to the grog-tub to get their allowance, William G—— stood back. If he chanced to be near at the time, such a look of real pain came over his face that every one noticed it. So, too, when he heard an oath, that same look came up as naturally as a smile on some men's lips.

He was always prompt and faithful in even the smallest duties. The commander said he wished all his crew were like him, except his religion. He didn't think there was much need of that on ship-board.

However, the officer could not help noticing that look when he swore. At first it made him angry; but as William said nothing, he could not well quarrel with a man for a look. Then he began to feel guilty, and at last left off swearing solely on account of that look.

Another of the ship's crew had felt himself reproved in the same way, and his conscience was so aroused that he also left off swearing. About the same time he began to look in his Bible, and to promise in his heart that if he ever lived to get on shore, he would attend church. He had not been inside of one for ten years.

Now came a time of sore trial. They were captured by the rebels, and were long in prison. Never had William's religion shone more brightly than in those dark days.

He was like an angel by the sick bed of the poor soldiers, pointing them to Jesus as the sinner's friend and only hope. Through his influence, the man last mentioned was hopefully converted, and how many more, eternity alone will show.

Such is the influence of a godly, consistent example—one who does not trifle with sin, however popular it is. One laugh over the grog-tub, one smile at a profane jest, and his influence would have been marred forever.

We must set our faces like a flint against wickedness, even in high places, if we would have the blessing of God follow our labors. We should rebuke sin, however, in a kindly, respectful manner, or we may do more harm than good. If the heart is really right toward God and man, there will be little danger of falling into error in the matter.

### The Safe Place.

The natives of the Sandwich Islands, before they received the gospel, were a savage and cruel people. They were often at war with one another; and, besides this, many were killed by direction of the chiefs, either when they were offended, or wanted victims to offer before their idols.

But there was one singular custom that gave sure protection against cruelty. Certain places were appointed where persons in danger of losing life might go, and be secure against all violence. One of these places was near Kealakekua Bay, a spot famous as the locality where the great discoverer, Capt. Cook, was killed in 1779.

Here are still found the remains of an immense stone wall, twenty-one feet high, and as many broad. This inclosed a large space on three



sides, while the fourth side was open to the sea. At one end was a temple, with altars and images, before which priests performed ceremonies. Whoever came within these walls was safe from his enemies. Even the most powerful chief would not dare lay hands on a man there; for, if he should, the gods, he believed, would punish him.

There were no judges here to condemn, no officers to punish. After being in this place for a few days, a man might go away, and still no one would dare kill him; for a kind of sacredness now belonged to him.

In time of war, the women and children of both parties assembled in this place of refuge, while the men fought with one another. Here they were safe, whichever side might gain the victory. No enemy would venture to attack them.

All readers will note the interesting likeness of this custom to the appointment of "cities of refuge" among the Jews.

What a good illustration of the safety and peace of a soul that flies to Christ! He is our refuge. If we are "in him," there can be no one to condemn us; and our great enemy can never reach us.

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#### Who Made It?

Sir Isaac Newton was once examining a new and fine globe, when a gentleman came into his study, who did not believe in a God, but declared that the world we live in came by chance. He was much pleased with the handsome globe, and asked, "Who made it?"

"Nobody," answered Sir Isaac, "it happened here."

The gentleman looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon understood what it meant.

The Bible says, "The *fool* hath said in his heart, there is no God." Must not that man be a fool indeed, who can say this beautiful and wonderful world came by chance, when he knows there is not a house, or ship, or picture, or any other thing in it, but has had a maker. We might better say that this paper we are reading grew just as it is, than to say that the sun, moon, and stars, and this globe on which we live, came without a creative hand.

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#### Faith.

BY REV. WAYLAND HOYT.

I am sure I never can forget it. This great act of Faith was done so simply, heartily, immediately, in this case, that ever since the incident has fastened itself in my memory as one of the clearest illustrations possible of the way of salvation by simple faith. It was one night at our inquiry meeting. I was waiting by a man to help him if I might.

Said he, "I know I am a sinner. I feel the burden of my sin. I want to be a Christian, but I don't know how to be. I am like a man feeling around in the dark. I don't know where to step."

Said I, "Do you believe that the Lord Jesus tells you the truth, and will never deceive you?"

"Certainly I do," he answered. "I haven't the slightest doubt about that."

"You are absolutely sure" I asked again, "that the Lord Jesus cannot lie?"

"Absolutely sure," he said.

"Well, now," I replied, "since you are so certain that Christ never can deceive you, why don't you take him exactly at his word? He tells you this word anyway, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' Now coming is just the yielding up of your sin, forsaking it, and consecrating your soul to Him. Don't you suppose that if you do

your part of it, it is perfectly certain that Christ will do his part—receive you—never cast you out?"

"I think it must be so," he answered.

"Well, now," I asked again, "as far as you know yourself, do you thus come?"

He waited a minute, and then said solemnly, "As far as I know myself, I do."

"Can you not, then," I answered, "just believe that promise, let your faith fasten on that word as a word for you, 'I will in no wise cast out?'"

There was absolute stillness for a moment, then the man looked up suddenly and exclaimed, "Why is that all?"

"That is all," I answered.

"Why," said he slowly, as if speaking to himself, "Then—I think—I must be—a Christian."

"My brother, you are a Christian," I answered joyfully. And so it was that he was saved by Faith. He just took hold of the Word of Christ and trusted it.

As some one else said about himself, "He just laid down on the promises;" and that is Faith.

Can we not all do that and thus be saved.—*Christian Weekly.*

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### The Two Deliverances.

BY REV. O. E. DAGGETT, D. D.

On the fourth day of November, 1859 the missionary packet, *Morning Star*, commanded by Captain John W. Brown, of New London, Conn., was passing from one of the Micronesian islands to another, having on board several missionaries and ten children, and among the latter the captain's son, Frederick, then eight years old. They had spent the day among groves of bread-fruit and cocoanut upon Ebon Isle, one of the gems of the Ralick chain, and one of our mission stations, and were now passing under its lee, sailing at the rate of three knots the line of snow-white breakers distinctly visible as they rolled upon its coral shore.

The sun had set, and the last tints of the twilight, so beautiful within the tropics, were fast giving place to the darker shades of a lovely evening. The last meal over, the passengers were seated about the quarter-deck enjoying the cool and gentle trade-wind as it came from the island, now two miles to windward, laden with the perfume of the aromatic Pandanus. The captain sat on the taffrail, amusing a little daughter of one of the passengers, when his son approached and asked him for a kiss—"just one"—which was given, and the little fellow returned to the forepart of the vessel. Not long after, a plunge was heard, and a lady (Mrs. Dr. Gulick) sprang from her chair exclaiming, "There is a child overboard." All rushed to the weather side, from whence the sound came, and as the captain from his seat on the taffrail peered down into the dark waters an object rose to the surface directly beneath him. Placing the little girl on deck, he sprang to his feet, ordered the helm down, and jumped into the curling wake of the brig. Rising to the surface he shouted, "Lower the whale boat" as he struck out for the signal made by the movements of the little hands, calling out as he swam, "Hold on, keep up, I am coming," but the child heard not. He had come within a short distance of his prize when it suddenly disappeared and nothing was to be seen but the black water. The captain, however, was an expert swimmer, and, rising to a perpendicular, he descended feet foremost and struck out under water. A few steps brought him to the side of the drowning one, and then the dress told him it was his own little son. Grasping him by the arm he brought him to the surface. "O, father, O, father, save me," cried the child, as he recognized his father's face. He had feared some sea monster had claimed him for his own. The father gave him directions as to what he should himself do in order that he might be saved, which he strictly followed. Only once he ex-



pressed his fears that "the sharks would come," but was told to dismiss his fears. The captain was getting tired, and the sea occasionally covered his head. The brig had come about and was heading towards him. "Bear a hand with the boat," he cried, and a welcome "Aye, aye, sir," was wafted over the waves to his anxious ear. Soon the swift whale boat, steered by the second mate, was alongside and the weary ones were taken on board. It appeared that after receiving the kiss the lad had got into one of the boats amidship, became sleepy, and, in attempting to leave it, slipped overboard. From the foregoing incident, as learned from Captain Brown, and here related nearly in his own words, we pass to another record. Died, at New London, Conn., January 19th, 1873, Frederick Milton Brown, aged 22 years. He had been a sailor almost ever since the rescue above described, going two voyages to San Francisco in the ship *Twilight*, under command of Captains Rowland and Sawyer, both of whom gave him an excellent character. He also visited Liverpool in the same ship. Subsequently he sailed as second mate with Captain John P. Wilbor, of Mystic, a most estimable christian, and to whom he remained greatly attached. Frederick has told the writer that "No matter how much the vessel lurched, sending the stools across the cabin, Captain Wilbor never rose from his knees until his prayer was ended." His last voyage was up the Mediterranean, when he visited Salerno, Leghorn, and Palermo. Having left New London on the 14th of December to sail again from New York, he was then taken ill on board ship, and after a week of suffering, returned home to be cared for, and as it proved, to die in the midst of his family and friends. He had been religiously instructed, and was a dutiful son, but had never avowed the christian hope. In the uncertainty of his condition, feeling his spiritual need, he was directed to the Saviour by the father who

could no longer rescue him. From conviction he passed to peace and hope. Calling his father to his bedside at midnight and taking hold of his arm, he said: "This is the arm that took me out of the water." "Yes," said the father, "but you can lean on a stronger arm now." "I can, I do, father," was the answer. On his birthday he was baptized on his profession of faith. Young as he was, he was more than willing to die, he longed to be with his Saviour. One of his last utterances was, "Simply to thy cross I cling." And the sailor-boy joined with his sailor father in the prayer he asked him to offer as his spirit was taking its flight. That father's testimony is "He was a lovely boy, but I do not want him back to this world of sorrow and pain, he is at rest."

The captain draws this lesson from the foregoing incident. "There was prayer, here with faith and obedience. The drowning boy cried, 'Father, save me.' His faith in his father's ability was complete. He obeyed in acting well his own part, or he might not have been saved." By a like application to the Divine Friend he at last obtained the final better deliverance.—*Advance*.

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### The Gospel and Seamen.

REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

Has not the Church been slow to recognize the place of seamen in the work of the world's evangelization?

It has been sending out its missionaries, but seems to have forgotten that the unconverted sailors who have gone with them have terribly counteracted their work among the heathen. It has almost forgotten to ask whether seafaring men, if their hearts were full of love to Christ, might not themselves become messengers of good tidings, carrying to every port they visit the news of salvation, and thus being most efficient agents in the work of evangelizing the nations. Three millions of men have their home

upon the sea and upon our inland waters. They are emphatically citizens of the world. They can say, with truth,

"Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,  
Survey our empire and behold our home."

It is not possible for any one denomination to care fully for their spiritual interests. In large cities like New York or Philadelphia it is competent for each denomination to have its own place of worship for the sailor, like the Church of the Sea and Land, under the care of the Presbytery of New York.

But this can only be the case in a very few ports. The great and general work, essentially Catholic in its designs, must be also so in its operations. This is what is being attempted by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. It makes no appeal simply for denominational action, while it rejoices in all that is thus done for the sailor. But it comes to all Christian churches and pastors and says, will you help provide for the sailor at home and abroad, preachers and libraries and colporteurs and chapels, and homes, and social and moral influences which may lead him to Christ? Who of us can afford to say, "We have so much to do for our own Boards and Societies that we can do nothing for the men who defend our nation's flag, who brave the perils of the ocean, and the greater perils of the land, that they may bring to us the comforts and luxuries of life, and who are the agents and servants of commerce, without whom it could not have an existence." Where is the church that owes nothing to the sailor? Where is the Christian who has nothing to remind him of the perils and hazards of seafaring men? Where is the community in which there is not one family who think, when the winds are howling around them, of some loved one who is battling with the winds and waves far out upon the sea, or who, in a foreign port, needs just the influence which the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY seeks to provide for him? To all such it appeals

for sympathy and aid. It is doing a noble and Christian work in which all should have an interest who pray 'Thy kingdom come.' It has provided thousands of ships with libraries carefully selected, and which are attentively read. It is supporting chaplains and colporteurs at home and abroad, whose work God has largely blessed. Some of the most precious harvests of grace in northern Europe have been gathered in by its humble missionaries to sailors. As a pastor, my interest in its work has been yearly increasing. It has been my privilege often to preach to and labor with seamen, and I have found among them many faithful and earnest Christians. A sailor who has yielded his heart to the Saviour is never ashamed to show his colors. He is in his very nature an earnest and a fearless man, and his religion partakes of his character. He carries it with him wherever he goes. The Church can ill afford to do without such agents in its missionary work. But to have them it must labor especially with and for them to bring them to Christ. Few are aware of the terrible influences at work in our large seaports for the temporal and eternal ruin of sailors. Every effort to throw around them the protection of wise and benign laws is met by the most determined opposition from men who thrive by their destruction, and who live by robbing them of their hard earned wages. They need and deserve the sympathy and aid of all Christians. I have written these thoughts that I might peradventure awaken in the minds of my brethren in the ministry a fresh interest in the society that cares for the sailor. Our own Church work must ever be first, yet even with all that we find to do here, we may surely do something for the toilers of the ocean. Every library given, every bethel flag unfurled, will aid in hastening the day when the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto Christ, and the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto him — *Presbyterian*.



## Ode to the Bethel Flag.

The St. Louis Bethel Association has recently thrown to the breeze, a beautiful flag. It is entirely of blue, with the word BETHEL, and a dove, bearing an olive branch, in white. Each Sabbath it is to wave from the front window of their Hall, corner of Vine and Levee, to invite people to the worship of God. The following verses, by Rev. R. S. STUBBS, Chaplain, were suggested by the occasion.

Hail Bethel flag! on thy mission of peace;  
Show to souls now enthrall'd, God's pledge of release.

E'en to commerce and travel by ships o'er the sea,

A guard of safety is insured by thee.

Each Sabbath a sermon, thou art, on the breeze,  
For our toilers on lakes, and rivers and seas;  
Thy text is a dove; so God sent of yore  
His olive-branch token that the deluge was o'er.

With His sanction we hoist thee, and declare  
Heaven's truce—

Which redemption implies is for every soul's use;

To turn them from error, salvation to win,  
Before mercy's tide turns, and they founder in sin.

Then bless our Banner, Lord; Thy unseen hands

Love's pure Evangel brought, for all lands;—  
Its priceless wealth for all;—as on field and flower

Thy dews descend, with their rich dower.

And for those kindly wave, whom shame doth repel;

God knows by what treason from virtue they fell;

His Son when on earth, said to such, "*go in peace!*"

And their tears bathed His feet who brought them release!

Oh! that with earth's ensigns it may wave at each peak,

As our vessels shall enter the havens they seek;—

Then, "God's church afloat," our seamen shall be,

His fore-ordained harbingers of earth's jubilee!

Till God's spirit in love thus broods o'er the main,

The church, her grand triumphs can never obtain!

E'en the harps of the blest, postpone richest lays

Till our seamen converted, the Saviour shall praise.

## A Redeemed Sinner.

"I had rather, as a forgiven child, with all the prospects of the future opened upon to me, wear the crown purchased by the redeeming love of Christ, than that which is worn by the unfallen angels, because the blessings of a Divine atonement, through a Divine incarnation secured to the soul in harmony with the conditions of the gospel, reveals the character of God in a way impossible to be made known to those who had complied with all that the law demands; and this places the sinner, penitent and forgiven, upon a platform of experience and personal relationship to God, of a nature so peculiar and so extraordinary as to throw all other stars, glittering never so brightly in the heavenly firmament, into comparative obscurity, contrasted with the exceptional brilliancy of that state which involves the strange anomaly of justice and mercy together, the law sustained and the sinner saved."

BROOKS.

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The Commercial Navies of the World.

One-third of all the sailing vessels, and two-thirds of the steamships of the civilized world, carry the British flag. The United States come next, though a long distance behind. Against 19,182 British sailing vessels engaged in commerce, we possess but 7,092; and against the British tonnage of 5,366,327, ours is but 2,272,120. The steamships of Great Britain number 2,538, having a tonnage of 2,382,145; the steamships of the United States number only 420, and represent an aggregate of 401,043 tons. Norway and Italy rank third and fourth in the possession of sailing vessels, and Germany and France continue the list at a slight distance behind. In regard to steamships, France comes third, and

Germany fourth on the list. The entire table, which covers nearly all the States of the civilized world, shows that the commercial navies of the present day number 56,727 sailing vessels, measuring 14,563,839 tons, and 4,333 steamships, measuring 3,680,670 tons.

### Summary of Losses at Sea during the Year 1872.

The Committee of Management of the Bureau Veritas has just published its annual general list of maritime disasters, reported during the year 1872, concerning all flags. The list furnishes the following statistics: Coasting and foreign-going sailing vessels over thirty tons register totally lost during the year 1872, 2,682; viz.: 1,310 English, 239 French, 222 German, 211 American, 194 Norwegian, 103 Dutch, 78 Italian, 71 Swedish, 56 Danish, 44 Greek, 42 Russian, 33 Spanish, 19 Austrian, 18 Portuguese, 4 Turkish, 4 Brazilian, 4 Belgian, 3 Chilian, 2 Nicaragua, 2 Republica Argentina, 1 Salvador, 1 Guatemala, 1 Mexican, 1 Peruvian, and 19 of which the flags have not been reported.

The total number comprises 135 sailing vessels reported missing. Coasting and foreign trading steamers over 100 tons net register totally lost during the year 1872, 244, viz.: 142 English, 56 American, 11 Spanish, 8 German, 6 French, 4 Brazilian, 3 Dutch, 3 Norwegian, 2 Russian, 2 Belgian, 2 Swedish, 1 Portuguese, 1 Peruvian, 1 Uruguay, 1 Republica Argentina, 1 Guatemala; 23 steamers have been reported missing during the year, and are included in the above total.

The accidents which happened to steamers during the year 1872 are recapitulated thus: Steamers which had their machinery broken down or damaged 306; leak in boilers, 42; explosion of boilers, bursting of boiler-tubes, steam-pipes feed-pipes, condenser, &c., 22; crank-broken, 3; leak in bunkers, 3; screw-pin broken, 35; shaft broken, 41; loss of screw, 35; damage to hull and cargo, 60; damage by ice, 5; damage by fire, 18; damage by collision, 229; steamers stranded and got off without apparent damage, 166; steamers stranded and got off with damage and throwing cargo overboard, 165; deck swept, 16; strained, 6; leak in engine-room, 7; steamers leaky at sea, 86; pumps choked, 9; steamers capsized and recovered, 3; steering-gear disabled, 12; loss of rudder, 12; loss of anchors and chain, 7. Making a total of 1,288 accidents during the year 1872.

*Statistics of Losses During 1872 Compared with 1870 and 1871.*—1870—Abandoned at sea, 11; foundered and sunk, 49; stranded and wrecked, 100; sunk after explosion, 1; condemned, 2; burnt, 8; missing, 8; total, 179. 1871—Abandoned at sea, 16; foundered and sunk, 38; stranded and wrecked, 90; sunk after explosion, 4; condemned, 2; burnt, 18; missing, 7; total, 175. 1872—Abandoned at sea, 23; foundered and sunk, 58; stranded and wrecked, 109; condemned, 2; burnt, 29; missing, 23; total, 244.

*General Recapitulation.*—The number of steamers inserted in the *Universal Mercantile Navy List* (*Répertoire général*) for 1872 amounts to 4,335; the steamers lost during the year 1872 amount to 244, making a proportionate rate of 5½ per cent.; the total of accidents which happened to steamers is 1,288.

## OUR WORK :

### CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

#### Thirty-Ninth Annual Report of the Honolulu Chaplaincy.

REV. S. C. DAMON, D. D., CHAPLAIN  
E. DUNSCOMBE, COLPORTEUR.

The year 1872 opened in Honolulu with the "Week of Prayer." The Bethel and Fort Street congregations uniting. Meetings were held at the Bethel at 11 a. m., and at Fort Street at 7½ p. m. These meetings were uncom-

monly well attended, and very soon there was an unusual interest apparent. Some arose for prayers and expressed a desire to commence a religious life. Such was the interest awakened at the close of the meetings for the week that, it was decided to continue the meetings in the evening during the following week, and they did not close until the end of the third week. The results were highly favorable to the spiritual in-



terests of the foreign community in Honolulu and on the islands generally. The Bethel church was increased by the addition of ten by profession, and four by letter, and about double this number was added to Fort Street church. This religious awakening greatly promoted harmony and christian fellowship among the followers of Christ in Honolulu. At many of our meetings seamen were present, although it was at a season when but few seamen were in port.

Perhaps there is no port in the world where seamen are more closely brought in contact with christian people than in Honolulu. Sabbath day is so strictly observed in this city, (all places of business and amusement being closed) that seamen really have no excuse for neglecting the house of God. Although the Bethel is *their* place of worship, yet if disinclined to listen to my preaching, I do all in my power to induce them to visit other churches, hence, they are often seen in Fort Street church, at the English Episcopal church, and all Catholics attend the Catholic church. Seamen, I know, are cordially welcomed at all these places of religious worship. Masters of ships, and the officers, as well as many seamen, find access to good religious society in this city. Only a few days since, the commander of one of the ocean steamers running to Australia, informed me that several years ago, when in command of a clipper, he touched at this port. It so happened, in the providence of God, that he was present at family worship in one of the foreign resident families of this city. At that time he was far from the kingdom, but when the head of the family remarked "Come, stop with us, and read the Bible, we believe it is best to commence the day with prayer," he was made to *think!* An arrow had pierced his heart. Off upon the broad ocean he had found the Saviour of sinners, and now he tries to make his steamer a Bethel.

A passenger on board the steamer com-

manded by the above-mentioned captain, related to me the following interesting incident: On a late trip he had a Jew as one of his passengers. He invited this son of Abraham to social worship, but he declined, as he did not believe in the New Testament. The captain aptly replied, "but I'll read the Old Testament." The Jew was caught, and subsequently was present at prayers in the cabin. It is pleasant to think that the Saviour has such "fishers of men" among the sons of the ocean.

Some months ago, I think it was in August or September, one evening an English sailor called at my residence and, greatly to my surprise, I learned that he had come to thank me for keeping open a Book Depository, Sailor's Home, and other good institutions for sailors. On the sailing of the vessel, I received the following note:

SHIP "GEORGE THOMPSON," {  
HONOLULU, Sept. 23rd, 1872. }

REV. S. C. DAMON—*Dear Sir* :—We, the undersigned, crew of the ship *George Thompson*, cannot leave Honolulu without giving you our sincere thanks for the kindness you have shown to us during the short time we have been here; for the kind way which you have met us in the street, and your good advice; also for the use of the Reading Room, where we have passed many an hour reading papers and books so kindly sent by your countrymen. We therefore wish you success in all your undertakings. \* \* \* May God bless you. We subscribe ourselves," &c., &c.

[Signed by one of the officers, the carpenter, three apprentices, and seven of the crew.]

Such testimonials of appreciation are exceedingly encouraging, and make a chaplain labor hopefully amid all that is discouraging and depressing.

During the year past, services have been held every Sabbath in the Bethel; Sabbath-school never omitted, numbering seventy-five pupils and ten or twelve

teachers; Wednesday evening meeting held regularly; the Home has been always open for boarders; Reading Room, under direction of Y. M. C. A., has been well supplied with papers; Mr. Dunscombe has been constantly in attendance at the Depository; three evenings each week Mr. Dunscombe has taught his Chinese school, embracing from twelve to twenty pupils. Such are the means of usefulness which your chaplain has aimed to promote during the past year for the welfare of seamen and others who have been thrown under his influence.

Very many ships have touched at this port during the past year en route for China, Australia, Guano Islands, and the whaling grounds. Assisted by Mr. Dunscombe, I have endeavored to supply these ships with such reading matter as was placed at our disposal. As during former years, "The Friend" has been published and liberally distributed. At least 500 copies of each number have been distributed *gratis*, and they have gone to every part of the Pacific ocean. I hear of my little paper as finding eager reading in the most remote islands of Polynesia. Very many copies, with other reading matter, have found their way on English and American vessels of war, of which we now have three in port—*Benecia*, and *California* American, and the *Scout*, (British). I am happy to say that I have been able to close the year without any debt on "The Friend," the "Bethel," or "Sailor's Home." This house has required careful management. I have, fortunately, secured a grant of \$200 per annum from the Hawaiian Board of Education towards the payment of Mr. Dunscombe's salary, on account of his teaching the Chinese, and out of the annual appropriation of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, I set apart \$250 for the same purpose, which leaves only \$550 towards my own salary from the parent society. As years increase upon me I do not see how I could get along without the invaluable

services of our colporteur. Mr. Dunscombe. He assists me in the office work of the "Friend," which formerly I did myself; but after thirty-two years of labor in the service of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, I find that I cannot move about from ship to ship in the harbor and discharge my other duties with quite that elasticity and rapidity that characterized the early years of my chaplaincy labors. My own health, and that of my family, remain good, and I hope to continue in my labors for the temporal and spiritual good of seamen and others as God gives me strength and opportunity.

HONOLULU, 17th January, 1873.

### Sweden.

GOTTENBURG.

Rev. A. FERNHOLM, Missionary, reports for the quarter ending Dec. 31 having visited in that port 77 vessels (American, English, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, French, German and Russian), and distributed 11,462 pages of tracts in various languages, besides several copies of the New Testament. During that time he preached on shipboard and elsewhere 36 sermons, also conducting the Gottenburg Mission annual meeting. From his journal we make the following extract:

Nov. 4. Among others, visited two French vessels, the *Rapid*, from Brest, and the *Père de Famille*, from Bayonne, and offered the men tracts, which were willingly received. In the evening I called again and offered them French Testaments for sale. The captain of the *Rapid* bought one. None of the crew would buy, but I saw one and another shake their heads. I asked the captain to take a Testament for the crew, and let them read it when they had leisure, but he said it was not proper for him, being a Roman Catholic. If, however, I would give them one, and exhort them to read it, he thought it would be very good. Accordingly I did so, and the gift was received with thanks, but meanwhile



significant looks were interchanged, and I think I saw some of the men mark their foreheads with the sign of the cross. I understood their fear, for the book was forbidden them by the priests. I also understood that they were curious to know the contents of the book.

At the *Père de Famille* neither captain nor crew would buy a Testament. The men would not so much as take a copy gratuitously. At last the captain took the gift, and promised to let his men read it.

*Nov. 26.* I held a long conversation with the captain of the *Laura*, a Swedish vessel from Sundsvall. He was aware that his soul was in danger, but he had a great many rationalistic objections against the Biblical doctrines. The mysteries of the Bible made a stumbling block for his reason. I proved to him that his objections were not rational at all, but utterly irrational; and he confessed at last that he was convinced of the invalidity of his reasonings. He seemed really to be somewhat anxious about his state. I spoke of salvation as it is offered us in Christ, and he said he was convinced that he would be happy if he could believe in Jesus. He said he had sisters that believed, and he knew they were happy in their faith.

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### Norway.

#### CHRISTIANIA.

In a letter dated February 5, Rev. MR. BERGH says: "I long for the coming of summer, when I can work and preach again on shipboard." He has a daily service in the town (except on Saturday) and an interesting Sabbath school in connection with his mission. He has established a paper for use among children, and has nearly 2,200 subscribers. He occasionally visits the boarding houses and hospitals, where he is made welcome for his work's sake. He is in great need of tracts, and petitions for a generous supply to be sent him of both tracts and Testaments.

### Honolulu, Sandwich Islands.

In a private letter from Dr. DAMON, dated January 15, he says that "the new King, Lunalilo, takes well with the people, and it is hoped that a better class of men are to be in power."

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### Italy.

#### GENOA.

Our Colporteur at this station, reports for the month of November last, as follows, viz:

*Nov. 2nd.*—To-day the Lord Jesus has been with me. On board the *Po* had occasion to speak with a large number of persons, some sceptics, some ignorant and superstitious, but some full of faith in the one Mediator. One of these christian brethren took my part very ably against the scoffers, so that they had to retire confounded. I then sold two Bibles, seven New Testaments, nine evangelical almanacs, and seventeen pamphlets. One of the buyers requested me to send the book he had purchased to his mother in Palermo.

*Nov. 4th.*—On board the steamer *Piemonte* had a long discussion with two of the officers, the one a materialist, the other a deist. The latter is a Scotchman, and though he could not answer some of my questions when I tried to show him the inconsistency of his creed, he was loud enough in his assertions that, in Scotland, where the Gospel had taken root, there was more moral corruption than in other countries. I afterwards had some pleasant conversations with sailors on board coasting vessels. The way in which they received my remarks on the way of salvation makes me hopeful that fruit will result to the glory of God.

*Nov. 5th.*—Sold two Testaments to sailors of a coasting vessel who listened to my remarks with more respect than is commonly found among seamen. But in my round to-day, I have had to listen to fearful blasphemies against Christ and His cause. Were it not for the help which the Holy Spirit gives me, I could

not contain my rage when I meet with such impious men as I have met to-day.

*Nov. 6th.*—Sold six pamphlets and two evangelical almanacs on board a small coasting vessel, and had some truly comforting conversation with some of the crew. As far as man can judge, I would say that these men are truly seeking Jesus.

*Nov. 7th.*—Went round among the small vessels, and succeeded in selling several pamphlets. Then went on board the vessel where I had the pleasant conversation yesterday. The men bought a New Testament and some tracts, and then listened most attentively while I read several passages of Scripture to them. Took a German Bible to a ship where a sailor had asked for one yesterday, but I found the poor fellow had gone to the hospital. I sold an Italian Testament to one of the crew. Sold a number of tracts and pamphlets among the small vessels, on board one of which I remained a considerable time, speaking of the duty of embracing the true religion of Jesus Christ, whatever the religion of our fathers may have been. On board another I sold three New Testaments, and read to the crew a portion of Scripture, and earnestly warned them against those who might try to turn them away from reading the precious book. Before leaving, I gave them three small pamphlets and five children's illustrated papers.

istics that made his preaching particularly effective. He has an interesting way of setting forth the truth, and a happy facility in illustration.

He holds somewhat advanced views, especially on the prophecies, and maintains them with eloquent, if not always irresistible logic. His book is worth reading, and even those who may not agree with many of his positions, will admit its ability and fascination.

Some noticeable errors in typography and style will be corrected in a subsequent edition.

The book, a small octavo of 278 pages, is handsomely printed by Nelson & Phillips, and sold at \$1 25.

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### More Subscribers.

One of our Life Members in Madison, Conn., has sent us, as the result of an effort at canvassing her own neighborhood, the names of six new subscribers to the MAGAZINE.

If this spirit could be diffused among our THREE THOUSAND Life Members, it would be easy to work the seamen's cause; for every reader of the MAGAZINE we count as a friend, who in due time will come to help us.

To increase our subscription list is one way of doing good, and we commend it to those who think the MAGAZINE, and the cause it represents and advocates, to be worthy their commendation.

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### "The Land of Shadowing Wings."

Under this title Rev. Dr. Loomis has launched upon the treacherous sea of popular favor, a volume comprising the discourses preached by him in behalf of the seamen's cause during his long secretaryship. We bespeak for it the consideration of his numerous friends throughout the country.

Those who have been privileged to hear Dr. Loomis will recognize in his printed sermons many of the character-

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### Position of the Planets for April, 1873.

MERCURY is in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the evening of the 5th at 8h. 10m., after which it is a morning star during the remainder of the month; is stationary among the stars on the morning of the 18th at 5h. 34m.; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 24th at 9h. 1m., being 1° 44' north.

VENUS is an evening star ; is stationary among the stars on the morning of the 14th at 2h. 22m. ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 27th at 1h. 28m., being 6° 28' north.

MARS crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st at 2h. 12m., being 14° 30' south of the equator ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 14th at 4h. 50m., being 23' north ; at this time it is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 17° north and 67° south ; is in opposition with the Sun on the morning of the 27th at 9h. 43m., when it is at its greatest brilliancy.

JUPITER crosses the meridian on the 1st at 8h. 56m., being 13° 21' north of the equator, and on the 30th at 6h. 58m., being then 15° 18' north ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the 7th at 22m. past noon, being 4° 14' south ; is stationary among the stars on the morning of the 17th at 6h. 20m.

SATURN crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st at 7h. 35m., being 20° south of the equator ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 20th at 2h. 39m., being 4° 46' north ; is in quadrature with the Sun on the morning of the 22d at 7h. 20m.

R. H. B.

*N. Y. University.*

### Sailor's Home, 190 Cherry Street.

Mr ALEXANDER reports one hundred and eighty-six arrivals at the HOME during the month of February. These deposited with him \$1,906, of which \$716 were sent to relatives and \$250 placed in the Savings Banks.

In the same time eighteen men went to sea from the HOME without advance and ten were sent to the hospital. There has been unusual interest in the Saturday evening meetings, and some hopeful conversions are reported.

### Total Disasters in February, 1873.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the past month, is 49, of which 21 were wrecked, 13 abandoned, 2 burned, 5 foundered, and 8 are missing. They are classed as follows: 3 steamers, 10 ships 16 barks, 5 brigs, and 15 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$1,350,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w*, were wrecked, *a*, abandoned, *b*, burned, *f*, foundered, and *m*, missing.

#### STEAMERS.

Ariadne, *w*, from New York for New Orleans.  
Norwich, *f*, from Boston for New Orleans.  
Enterprise, *w*, for Portland, O.

#### SHIPS.

Himalaya, *m*, from New York for Hong Kong.  
Jessore, *a*, from New York for Liverpool.  
Azuline, *a*, from Pensacola, for Sunderland.  
Stirling Castle, *m*, from New York for London.  
American Congress, *m*, from New York for London.  
Lincoln, *m*, from New York, for London.  
Nor Wester, *b*, from New Orleans for Liverpool.  
Alarm, *a*, from Pensacola for Liverpool.  
Varuna, *a*, from New York for Liverpool.  
Patrician, *w*, from San Francisco for Queens-town.

#### BARKS.

Victoria, *m*, from New York for Queenstown.  
Orient, *w*, (At Aspinwall)  
North East, *w*, from Manila, for New York.  
Leonidas, *a*, from New Port, E. for New Orleans.  
Maria Saletta, *a*, from Liverpool for Philadelphia.  
Joseph Bushby, *a*, from Pensacola for Caird ff.  
Lady Alice, *m*, from New York for Queenstown.  
Trident, *w*, (Whaler)  
Savannah, *w*, from Philadelphia for Barbadoes.  
E. A. Oliver, *w*, from Shanghai for N. York.  
J. O. Lamb, *m*, from New York for Queenstown.  
Bjorn, *a*, from Philadelphia for Queenstown.  
Lizzie Raymond, *a*, from Galveston for Liverpool.  
Mansanito, *f*, from Darien for Hartlepool.  
Barblehead, *m*, from Galveston for Liverpool.  
Rosalia, *f*, from Baltimore for Londonderry.

#### BRIGS.

M. McFarlane, *w*, from London for Baltimore.  
Faugh-a-Ballagh, *w*, from Demerara for Baltimore.  
Gelmor Meredith, *w*, (At Aspinwall)  
Julia A. Hallock, *f*, from Gijon for Messina.  
Caupolican, *a*, from Mobile for Barcelona.

#### SCHOONERS.

Royal Arch, *w*, (At Aspinwall)  
Edwin Reed, *a*, from Baltimore for Boston.  
Geo. C. Frye, *b*, from Baltimore for Charleston.  
William, *w*, from Dominica for Baltimore.  
Cnas H. Kelley, *w*, (At Aspinwall)  
Annie Bayard, *w*, from New York for Bilbao.  
Helene, *w*, from Wilmington for Boston.  
Mary T. Young, *w*, (Fisherman)  
Linda, *a*, from Halifax for New York.  
Geo. Fales, *w*, from Baltimore for Portland.  
Snow Squall, *a*, from Belfast for Charleston.  
Louis Walsh, *w*, from Elizabetht, for Providence.  
Thrifer, *w*, (Whaler)  
W. W. Marcy, *f*, from Alexandria for New York.  
Surf, *w*, from Hoboken for Providence.







April,

Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society.

1873.

### TOO PROUD TO TAKE ADVICE.

"A boy took his uncle down to the wharf to see a new ship that lay there. His uncle was an old shipmaster; and Harry was at some pains to show him round, partly, perhaps, to show his own knowledge. There was only one sailor on board; and as the sailor passed and repassed the hatches, 'Mind ye, mind ye!' he said; 'don't fall into the hold, or ye'd never see daylight again.'

"There is no danger of my uncle," said Harry, proudly; 'he knows a ship from stem to stern; and I do too.'

"As they came down from the ladder, and walked away—"I was so provoked with that old salt!" said he. 'He seemed to think we were know-nothing landsmen, with not sense enough to keep from pitching into danger. I wonder you should have thanked him for his advice, uncle. I was provoked.'

"I should be very sorry to take offense at well-meant advice," said the uncle. 'Did you ever read about the *Royal George*, Harry?'

"You mean that big ship which foundered, one pleasant day, in some English harbor, and all on board perished? I know something about it; but tell me more, uncle. How did it happen?"

"It was at Spithead, where the British fleet were at anchor. The *Royal George* was the flagship, and Admiral Kempenfelt's blue flag floated from the mizen. She was a fine ship of a hundred guns. She was about ready for sea, when the first lieutenant discovered that the water-cock was out of order. It was not thought necessary to haul her in dock for repairs, but to keel her over until the damaged part was above water, and repair her there. Keeling a ship, you know, is making her lean over on one side. A gang of men were sent from the Falmouth dockyards to help the ship's carpenters. The larboard guns were run out as far as possible, and the starboard guns run in amidships, which made the ship keel to larboard, so that her starboard side was far up out of the water. The workmen had got at the mouth of the water-pipe, when a lighter, laden with rum, came alongside, and all hands were piped to clear her. Now, the port-sills of the larboard side were nearly even with the water before the lighter came alongside; and, when the men went down to take in her casks, the ship keeled more than ever; besides, the sea had grown rougher since morning, wash-





*The twenty Libraries refitted and re-shipped in February 1873, were :*

No. 1,305, on schr. *C. Tilton*, for Charleston; No. 1,889, on brig *L. W. Virden*, for Havana; No. 2,202, on schr. *J. L. Merrill*, for Laguyra; No. 2,377, on schr. *J. H. Fisk*, for Cuba; No. 3,052, on brig *Haze*, for Matanzas; No. 3,131, read with interest,—gone to Jacksonville, on schr. *Martha*; No. 3,177, returned from a voyage to the East Indies, much read and appreciated,—gone to Galveston, on brig *Glendale*; No. 3,338, on schr. *W. H. Bowen*, coastwise; No. 3,398, on brig *S. E. Kennaday*, for Havana; No. 3,399, books read with profit, gone to Mobile, on brig *Flornce*; No. 3,438, books read with good results; gone to Savannah, on schr. *Isabelle*; No. 3,556, on schr. *E. M. Wright*, for New Orleans; No. 3,645, books were the means of good, and were prized, gone to Indianola, on schr. *M. W. Hopper*; No. 3,763, all read with good results, returned with thanks, gone to Havana, on bark *Undine*; No. 3,929, on brig *Neponset*, for Beyroot; No. 3,939, been to China, read and appreciated, gone to Cuba, on brig *N. Ware*; No. 3,972, on bark *Acacia*, for Matanzas; No. 3,982, on brig *Maurice*, for Cardenas; No. 4,147, on schr. *J. F. Krantz*, for New Orleans; No. 4,209, on schr. *F. W. Johnson*, for Galveston.

No. 2,722, returned from Calcutta, much read and highly appreciated, gone to Florida, on brig *Marshall Dutch*; No. 3,390, returned from a second voyage to China much read, refitted and sent to sea on schr. *A. S. Willey*; No. 3,729, returned from Savannah, much read by crew and passengers, refitted and gone to sea on schooner *Eureka*; No. 3,757, books much read, accomplishing great good, gone to sea on schr. *Wm. G. Dear born*.

### Look Out for the Rocks.

A gentleman crossing the English Channel stood near the helmsman. It

was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship. But a sudden flapping of the sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch; and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass.

"You are half a point off the course," he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker-on, "when half a point is so much thought of."

"Ah! half a point, in many places, might bring us on the rocks," he said.

So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us on the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering straight for the rocks of crime. And so of all kindred vices. The beginnings are always small. No one climbs to a summit at one bound, but goes up one little step at a time. Children think lightly of what they call small sins: those rocks do not look so fearful to them.

A friend was once, when a lad, sailing down the East River, near New York, which was then a very dangerous channel. He watched the old steersman with great interest, and observed, that, whenever he came near to a stick of painted wood, he changed his course.

"Why do you turn out for those bits of wood?" asked the boy.

The old man looked up from under his shaggy brows, too much taken up with his task to talk, and simply growled out, "*Rocks!*"

"Well, I would not turn out for those bits of wood," said the thoughtless boy: "I would go right on over them."

The old man only replied by a look which that boy has not forgotten in his manhood. "Poor foolish lad!" it said: "how little you know about rocks!"

So, children, shun the rocks as you would the way to death. There are plenty

of buoys to warn you where they lie hidden: and, whenever you meet one, turn aside; for there a danger lurks.—*Lutheran S. S. Herald.*

### John Shab and his Landlord.

BY REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

Poor John Shab and his family have to move. John is trying to persuade old Mr. Sleek, the landlord, who has come to see him on the subject, that if he will indulge him a little longer on the rent, he will before long pay up in full. But Sleek has listened to poor John's promises long enough, and says that the constable, whom he has brought with him, will have to levy on John's furniture and sell it to pay the rent which John owes. Poor John Shab says that the furniture is not very good, and that it won't amount to much; for the fact is, things had not been going right with him somehow or other, for sometime past; and he thinks, perhaps, they had better let him keep what there is of it, as it might not be of much use to them.

Poor Mrs. Shab and the little Shabs are in the back room, wondering what is to become of them; and Shab himself thinks that his landlord ought not to be hard on him; for he is so poor, and has such a large family to support

Poor Shab! Everything seems to go wrong with him. He is like the poor loafer who said that "It does seem, when a fellow's going down hill, all creation's greased for his special benefit."

John Shab, you might have been a decent man. You might have had a happy family, instead of those half-starved beings who bear your name. Your children might have been proud of you, instead of looking at you with shame, as they do. Your wife might have loved you; but you can't expect her to think very highly of such an execrable loafer as you have turned out to be. It is not

too late to mend yet. If you will pray to God for strength to keep away from the whiskey-shop, you may yet be a decent man and a Christian.

Boys, when you have gone as far downhill as poor John Shab has, it is hard work to get up again. Pray for God's grace to keep you sober and decent.

### Dare to Do Right.

Children, did you ever know of a person who did right whom sensible people despised? If no one says, "You have done right," in words so we can hear it, the little voice we all carry within our minds will always say, "You did as you ought to."

When Athens was governed by thirty men, called "tyrants," they wanted a very rich man, named Leon, killed, so that they could have his riches. They wanted the great philosopher Socrates to help them; but he said no, he would not engage in so great an "ill as to *act unjustly.*" You see he did right with thirty rulers over him, and all cruel men too.

Christ was a greater philosopher than Socrates, and he taught us to "do as we would be done by." If we follow that little rule we shall always *dare to do right.* How much more of joy, and less of sorrow there would be if everybody loved these words of the Saviour.—*Child's Paper.*

A PRISONER who had been in prison again and again had always given a false name, saying he could not bear the thought of his father's honored name being on the prison books in the person of his unworthy son.

### American Seamen's Friend Society.

W. A. BOOTH, *President.*

S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent,*

80 WALL STREET, N. Y.

*District Secretaries:*

Rev. S. W. HANKS, Congregational House, Boston.

Rev. H. BEEBE, New Haven, Conn.



## LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a life Director.

## FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

## SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall-street, N. Y., and 13 Cornhill, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman-street.

## SAVINGS BANK FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings' Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings' Banks as such are established in New York, 78 Wall-street and 189 Cherry-street, and Boston, Tremont-street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

## SAILORS' HOMES

LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry-street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society..	Fred'k Alexander.
153 Thompson street, (colored).....	" " " " ..	W. P. Powell.
BOSTON, 99 Purchase street .....	Boston " " " ..	{ Capts. Henry & Robert Smith.
PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front street..	Penn. " " " " ..	Capt. J. T. Robinson.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front and Dock sts..	Wilm. Seamen's Frnd Soc'y.	Capt. W. J. Penton.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society....	Capt. Jno. McCormick.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Friend Society..	Geo. Ernst Findeisen.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " " ..	" " " "
HONOLULU, S. I.....	Honolulu " " " ..	Mrs. Crabbe.

## INDEPENDENT SOCIETIES AND PRIVATE SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW YORK, 338 Pearl street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc'y for Seamen	Charles Blake.
334 & 336 Pearl street.....	Private.....	" " " "
4 Catharine Lane, (colored).....	do .....	G. F. Thompson.
45 Oliver street.....	do .....	Christ. Bowman.
66 do do .....	do .....	Charles G. Auffarth.
BOSTON, N. Square, "Mariners House"	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y.	N. Hamilton.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.	David Isley.
BALTIMORE, 65 Thames Street.....	Seamen's Union Bethel Soc'y	Edward Kirby.

## MARINERS' CHURCHES.

LOCATION.	SUSTAINED BY	MINISTERS.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison st.	New York Port Society....	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
Cor. Water and Dover streets.....	Mission " " " ..	" " " "
275 West street.....	" " " " ..	" B. F. Millard.
Foot of Pike street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society....	" Robt. J. Walker.
Foot of Hubert street, N. R.....	" " " " ..	" H. F. Roberts.
Open air Service, Coenties Slip.....	" " " " ..	" " " "
Swedish and English, pier 11, N. R.	Methodist.....	" O. G. Hedstrom.
Oliver, cor. Henry street.....	Baptist.....	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
Cor. Henry and Market sts.....	Sea and Land, Presbyterian.	" E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, 8 President street.....	Am. Sea. Friend Society.. {	" E. O. Bates.
BUFFALO.....	" " " " ..	" O. Holland.
ALBANY, Montgomery street.....	Methodist.....	" P. G. Cook.
BOSTON, cor. Salem and N. Bennet sts..	Boston Sea. Friend Society..	" John Miles.
North Square.....	Boston Port Society....	" S. H. Hayes.
Cor. Commercial and Lewis streets	Baptist Bethel Society....	" Geo. S. Noyes.
Richmond street.....	Episcopal.....	" H. A. Cooke.
PORTLAND, ME. Fore st. nr. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Frnd Soc'y..	" J. P. Robinson.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden st..	Prov. Sea. Friend Society..	" F. Southworth.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society..	" C. M. Winchester.
PHILADELPHIA, cor. Front & Union sts.	Presbyterian.....	" J. D. Butler.
Cor. Shippen and Penn streets.....	Methodist.....	" Vincent Group.
Catharine street.....	Episcopal.....	" William Major.
Front St. above Navy Yard.....	Baptist.....	" W. B. Erben.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice and Anna streets.	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc'y..	" Joseph Perry.
Cor. Light and Lee streets.....	Baltimore, S. B.....	" Francis McCartney
NORFOLK.....	American & Norfolk Sea. } Friend Societies	" R. R. Murphy.
CHARLESTON, Church, nr. Water street	" " " " ..	" E. N. Crane.
SAVANNAH.....	" " " " ..	" Wm. B. Yates.
MOBILE, Church street, near Water...	" " " " ..	" Richard Webb.
NEW ORLEANS.....	" " " " ..	" L. H. Pease.



# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

WILLIAM A. BOOTH, ESQ., *President.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President.*

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y and Treas.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

OBJECTS. 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen ; to protect them from imposition and fraud ; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world ; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to SAVE THEIR SOULS. 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and a power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT. 1.—The preaching of the Gospel by Missionaries and Chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its Chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in CHINA, JAPAN, the SANDWICH ISLANDS, CHILI, BRAZIL, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, NEW BRUNSWICK, &c., and will establish others as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to those who do business upon our inland waters, Chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE and SEAMEN'S FRIEND, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the SEAMEN'S FRIEND, is gratuitously furnished to chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the LIFE BOAT for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—LOAN LIBRARIES, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between forty and fifty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews, and placed as a general thing, in the care of converted sailors, who thus become for the time, effective missionaries among their shipmates. This plan of sea-missions contemplates much more than the placing of a Christian Library on ship-board, in that, (1) It places the library in the hands of an individual who takes it for the purpose of doing good with it, and who becomes morally responsible for the use made of it. (2) It places the library in the forecabin—the sailors' own apartment. (3) It contemplates a connection between the missionary and the individual who furnishes the instrument with which he works. The donor of each library is informed, if he requests it, when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted ; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated. The whole number of libraries sent out by the Society, is 4,200, containing 185,000 volumes. Calculating frequent re-shipments, they have been accessible to probably 180,000 men. Over seven hundred hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. This work may be and should be greatly extended. More than 20,000 American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of SAILORS' HOMES, READING ROOMS, SAVINGS' BANKS, the distribution of BIBLES, TRACTS, &c.

The SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry St., New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, since which time it has accommodated over 78,000 boarders. This one Institution has saved to seamen and their relatives, \$1,500,000. The moral and religious influence on the seamen sheltered there, can not be estimated. More or less shipwrecked seamen are constantly provided for at the Home. A Missionary of the Society is in daily attendance, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings. Similar institutions exist, in other cities, under the care of auxiliary Societies.

NOTE.—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor. Thirty dollars makes a Life-Member ; One Hundred dollars a Life Director. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE is, when asked for, sent gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause, and to Life-Members and Directors, upon an annual request for the same.